

## THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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## Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Forecast until 8 p. m., Sunday:  
For Kansas—Fair preceded by local rains in eastern portion today; south to west winds, becoming variable.

PERHAPS the presence of "Honest Dick" Tate, of Kentucky, in Japan may account for the stealing of that king.

SENATOR HARRIS may have plantation manners, but he can do a little smooth work for the sugar trust as well as any one.

THE traveling men at St. Joe have laid off because of the dry weather. If there is anything that will drive drummers in it is dryness.

THE latest news from the Wellman expedition is that it is moving towards the pole. This is sufficient to prove that they are clothed and in their right mind.

THE Democrats couldn't even carry out the decision of their own caucus. It will soon become a matter of surprise if the Democratic party is able to do nothing.

THE employees of the mechanical department of the asylum want Dr. McCaskey investigated. The people who are nearest to him know his incompetency best.

THE treasury gold reserve is at a very low ebb, but the people have had so much worse things to trouble them lately that the announcement hardly attracts attention.

MOONSHINERS have been discovered in the heart of New York City. Pretty soon the south won't have a single meat hling to distinguish it from the rest of the country.

If Governor Lewelling attends to all the demands made upon him for investigation of his worthless appointments, he will have little time to make political speeches.

WHETHER Mr. Vilas was induced to withdraw his motion through a trick or by means of influence, it is very unflattering either to his intelligence or his integrity.

COLONEL MOORE is anxious to get Funston out as quickly as possible for the chances of his doing more than to fill out the unexpired time grows slimmer and slimmer.

THE Coxy leaders have all deserted their armies and returned home, leaving their followers to do the best they may. The leaders got notoriety out of it and that seems to have been all they wanted.

THE report circulated at Washington that the sugar trust could defeat any bill that didn't give it what it wanted needs nothing further than yesterday's senate proceedings to confirm its truth.

It is asserted in Colorado that deputies and other officers tarred and feathered Tarney, and Vice-President Howard says the railroads burned their own property. These are indeed queer times.

It seems a little astonishing that according to the statistics of the labor department the slums of the cities should be no more unhealthful than other parts; but then it takes more to kill some people than others.

All the Populist senators voted with the Republicans on the Washburn motion. This will give them something to explain when they get home. Their votes may have been all right, but to be among the Republicans!

THE Populist central committee called on the police for campaign money and they didn't ask where it came from, said Secretary Semple. That is to say if the police levy blackmail and turn it in to the "good" cause, it is all right.

It was said at a meeting in England that peace was only maintained between that country and the United States because we feared her. If England feels that way after all her experiences with us, her stupidity is pitiable rather than provoking.

THE house claims it will have its way if it takes all winter, and the senate seems determined to have its way. They may think they will stay all winter but

the very best thing they can do is to adjourn and get home as fast as they can. If they don't they may not want to come home at all.

THE JOURNAL is kicking because the county commissioners were allowed a few dollars for their expenses to Colorado. This amount was very reasonable and the JOURNAL is the only kicker.—Mail.

THE JOURNAL called attention to the matter because the commissioners at the time of their departure gave it out that their trip was to cost the county nothing. They didn't keep their word.

## TRADES UNIONISM.

The fact that it is the best mechanics who belong to the trades unions is established by the report of the charitable federation of Chicago just made public. This association spent last winter to support the families of unemployed workmen the sum of \$135,000. Of this a very small amount went to the families of union men. It appears that it is the non-union men who are the most frequently out of work, who get the poorest wages, and who are most generally, more or less incompetent. This is of itself an argument in favor of trades unions. The Chicago association's report says:

"There is a general feeling of impatience among persons who are commonly generous givers to the unfortunate, at the present industrial situation, complicated as it is by strikes with the consequent idleness. In view of this the following remarks seem necessary: Workingmen who strike are for the most part, mechanics or skilled laborers who usually receive good wages and lay by money for an idle day. When they become needy they can usually borrow of their associates who have been more thrifty or who are under less expense, or the unions care for them until work is resumed. But few union men apply for relief. The majority of those who apply and receive help from charitable institutions or who worked for the Central Relief association during the winter of '94 were men who have no trade or are not well fitted to make a living at times when there is great depression in business. Many of them come to the front for assistance every winter, and they were predominant in the work of the Central Relief association the last winter.

"Up to this time a very small portion of charity funds in this city has gone to the support of the striking workmen. In fact, the labor unions insist that they will care for their own needy families."

So it will be seen from the above that the best class of citizens among the workmen are trades unionists.

## GEORGE WAS AN ATHLETE.

Could Have Won the Championship Up to 1889.

There is an athletic record which, though it will not be found in any of the sporting guides or almanacs of to-day, is one of which America ought to be proud. It was made by George Washington, the father of his country, in the running broad jump. The distance cleared was 22 feet 3 inches. Exactly when and where and under what conditions Washington did this performance I do not know. Thackeray refers to it in "The Virginians," where he tells of the jumping match between Harry Warrington and Lord March and Regien. Harry wins with a jump of 21 feet 3 inches against his lordship's 18 feet 6 inches. In his letter to Virginia Harry says he knew there was another in Virginia, Colonel G. Washington, who could clear a foot more.

If Thackeray's figures are correct Washington must have been a wonderful athlete. He could easily have won any intercollegiate championship competition up to 1889, and most of the national championships. Then, too, it must be remembered that the future father of his country did not wear spiked shoes like the athletes of to-day, nor did he have a cinder path for his "take-off," those improvements not having come into general use as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. Washington to-day would be a record breaker.

## Tobacco and Muscular Strength.

Two eminent English physicians, Dr. Warren Lombard and Dr. Vaughan Harley, have recently made an important series of experiments regarding the influence of tobacco on muscular effort. That influence was not so marked in the experiments of Dr. Harley as in those of Dr. Lombard. The conclusion which Dr. Harley has reached is that moderate smoking, in one accustomed to it, neither increases the capacity for work nor retards the approach of fatigue; though in some cases it may slightly diminish muscular power and hasten the time in which fatigue overcomes the system.

## Dimples at Their Best.

An eminent portrait painter says that there is no time in a girl's history when the celestial expression is more manifest, when dreamy eyes have so much soul in them, when delicate dimples look half so tender, when in fact the beautification is all there, as when soda water, the nectar of the gods, is floating down past the palate portal. For this reason the artist on hot days visits the palatial soda fountain for artistic study of dimples and beautiful expression.

## The Seven Hells.

The Moslems believe in the existence of "Seven Great Hot Hells" bearing the names of Jahannam, Lutha, Bustamah, Sa'ir, Sakar, Jehim and al-Kariah. The first is to be the endless abode of the Dahryyah, a sect which denies the creation; the second for Manichees and Arabs; the third for Brahman's the fourth for the Jews; the fifth for Christians and the sixth for the Magians. The seventh, the "great, great, hot, hot hell," is to be reserved for liars and hypocrites.

Buy your drugs at 612 Kan. ave.

## STRANGE PETS IN KENTUCKY.

A Razor-Back Which Vigorously Resented the Kick of a Alleged Visitor.

They have some strange pets in Eastern Kentucky, says a writer in the Courier-Journal. It is nothing uncommon to find pet foxes, coons, a ur elis, owls, and rabbits. But the cheekiest pet I ever saw was on the left-hand fork of the right-hand fork of Fotte's Fork of the north fork of the Kentucky River. Judge Mulliken of Nashville, Tenn., and myself were in there looking after coal lands in the fall of 1889, and we stopped at a little dilapidated cabin for dinner. There was plenty of cabbage and other vegetables growing in the garden, and we had learned from experience to take these things into consideration, for some times we stopped at places where there was no garden and found rations rather scarce. Everybody in the mountains receives travelers and makes them welcome to what they have. We were tired and took our seats under the front porch that had a good, smooth dirt floor, and were eating some delicious apples, and right here let me say that the best tasting apples in the world grow in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. While eating and dropping the peelings around the chairs, a big, long, gaunt hog, of the razor-back brand, came up and commenced eating the peelings. I thought he was rather familiar on such short acquaintance, as he walked over our feet and tried to root over our chairs, so finally the Judge got disgusted and gave the hog a kick. Imagine his surprise when the hog turned and charged him, knocked over his chair, split our snake medicine out of our saddle bags, and commenced to do us up on short notice. We managed to get to the fence and leave that hog monarch of all he surveyed. The lady of the house finally came out and put him out of the yard. She said he was a pet pig and had been in the family so long they could not think of killing him. I think they called him Billy, maybe Billy Breckinridge.

When dinner was ready we found that the table was nailed up around the legs, so we could not get our feet under it, and when we asked the reason for it we were told it was done to keep Billy and the dogs from getting under there while they were eating, when they would fight and turn the table over. That table would have been a curiosity at the World's Fair. It had a little, round, round table set in the middle of the big table, on which the victuals were placed, and it worked so nice that when it was started it went round like a merry-go-round, and if you were a good base-ball catcher you could snatch what you wanted as it sailed by. This would be a splendid plan to adopt where servants are scarce. When eating the bread gave out and our host reached over a pine of corn bread built on the plan of a brickbat, except thicker and harder on the outside, and threw it down on that merry-go-round dumb waiter with the remark: "Help yourself, gentlemen; no darn quality cuts here."

Bismarck's Favorite Medal.

One June morning in 182, while his regiment was stationed for the summer's maneuvers at Liheue, Bismarck and several officers were walking near the river. As they started across the bridge Bismarck saw his hostler, Hilbrand, enter the water from one side on his horse. The river was swift, and the dismay of the officers the horse lost his footing and threw his rider. The man began to sink at once. Bismarck, seeing his peril, quickly doffed his coat, sword, and a, and dived into the water, grasping his servant. The man, however, insane from fright, caught hold of the future prince and prevented him from moving his arms. A struggle followed. Bismarck, finding it impossible to loosen the death grip while the man was above water, finally dived with him, and thus for him to give up his hold upon his arms.

## The Officers on the Bridge were certain that both men were drowned, when Bismarck again rose to the surface of the water, with his hostler unconscious in his arms. Being a good swimmer, and possessing in those days the strength of Hercules, he soon carried his burden to the shore.

His brave deed was rewarded with the medal for saving life.

For years and years after Bismarck has become the most powerful statesman in Europe, with the title of prince, with decorations and orders from nearly every nation on the continent, he wore this medal alone on his breast upon all state occasions.

## In the Dead Letter Office.

The rule of the Dead Letter Office is to make extraordinary effort to return all mail sent letters which are found to contain money. But blind obedience to this rule is the basis of any entertaining story. A boy in the Indian school on the Skokomish reservation, which is about three miles from the postoffice of Union City, State of Washington, wrote a letter to his brother at Nebraska some time ago, inclosing in it a small sum of money. He also wrote on the envelope that if it should not be delivered in proper time it was to be returned to the writer. His brother did not call for it, and it was returned to Union City. The postmaster there had not heard of the boy, and on inquiry failed to find him. Accordingly he sent the letter to the Dead Letter Office. On arrival there it was opened, and it had money in it. It was returned to Union City with a letter of instructions to the writer, if possible. After inquiring the boy was last found, was requested to go in person, claim the letter, and receipt

for it, and the postmaster had to go through as much red tape as if the letter had contained \$1,000. The joke becomes evident when it is known that the money in the letter amounted to only a 1-cent postage stamp and a copper cent.

## The Emperor and the Artist.

Carpeaux, a collection of whose sketches, rough models, and hitherto unexhibited works, will be opened in Paris a few days hence, lived in close intimacy with the Imperial family at the Tuilleries, at Compiègne, and at Fontainebleau. He clung to his patrons after their fall, and came over to Chislehurst to give lessons to Louis. One of the most striking specimens of his skill is a portrait of the dead Emperor in his coffin. Another and more cheerful example will be found in the original clay group in which the Prince Imperial is represented playing with Nero, his father's favorite dog. The latter could only be induced to sit to the sculptor by the bribe of a plentiful supply of cherries, while the boy was rewarded for his patience by permission to dabble with the lumps of clay in the studio. Making little men of mud was the child's great delight, and several bits of his workmanship included in the forthcoming show display remarkable aptitude.

At a ball given in the Tuilleries Carpeaux met a charming young lady, Marie de Montfort, whose rank, as he thought, precluded his making an offer. Next morning he presented himself very early at the Emperor's door and begged for an immediate audience. "Sir," he cried, on entering, "please create me a Baron. The happiness of my life depends on it." Napoleon III. much amused, got him to tell his story, and explained to him that a title would in no way enhance the value of his name. A marriage was arranged, but it did not turn out very happy. Mme. Carpeaux still lives, and is superintending the exhibition of her husband's relics.—Fall Mail Gazette.

## Tattered, but Valuable.

A strange tale of a fifty pound note comes from Sono. An old woman who had lived for some years in Gerard street called to her bedsides a little girl named Mary Gordon, who had come errand for the invalid and performed other kindly offices, such as those in humble circumstances often do for one another without hope of reward. When Mary entered the room the old lady said, "Will you kiss me, my dear?" and the little maiden at once did as she was requested. "You have been very good and attentive to me," continued the old lady, "and I will make you a present. Here it is," and as she spoke she put something in Mary's hand.

The girl at first thought it was a sixpence, and was rather disappointed to find that it was a small collection of soiled and tattered paper, which did not appear to have any value at all. Next morning she was told that the old lady had died. She then handed the crumpled papers to her father, who is a mechanic working in Long Acre, and he soon saw that they were the fragments of a fifty pound note. But as it was tattered and torn he decided to consult a solicitor before attempting to cash it. The man of law's clerk, with some difficulty and paste, joined the disunited parts, and then presented the note at the Bank of England, where it was immediately cashed, and the proceeds handed over to the parents of the little girl, whose attentions to a poor old woman were thus so strangely and unexpectedly rewarded.

## What We Owe to Decorum.

"I will do as I please," says many a heedless young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you know more of human nature, you would be aware that you cannot outrange even the small conventionalities of life, which we owe under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, est angling your friends, and pre-empting angers who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others besides yourself. Your example is always doing harm, when it is not doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life like a leeching gnu, a labyrinth of spring-guns. If you follow the beaten track, you are safe. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices, or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinion of the world.

## And There Was Light.

"I was sexton of Grace Church when the Rev. Mr. — was rector there. It was on a summer night and rather warm, so when the rector commenced his sermon I turned down the gas in the body of the church to make it a little cooler.

"The text that night was, 'If I remember it, Let there be light.' I was sitting in the rear part of the church, not paying particularly close attention to the sermon, nor, in fact, to anything else. Suddenly the rector exclaimed loudly:

"More light! More light!"

"I jumped for the stop-cock in the gas supply pipe and turned it on the gas full head all over the church. Well, sir, you ought to have seen those people! Some of them laughed right out, and those that didn't had hard work not to. I found out afterwards that when the rector said 'More light!' he was not giving directions to me, but quoting the dying words of Goethe."—Lida Os-server.

## TOO MANY MEN IN AMERICA.

The Country Overrun With Them, as Proved by the Census of 1890.

Marrying and giving in marriage is purely a personal matter in this happy land of independence. Perhaps more than in any other country in the world it is a matter of sentiment; and that so may it be until the end of time is the aspiration of all true lovers and happy wedded folk. But at the risk of brushing off some of the bloom of fancy from this subject, says the Boston Post, it is interesting to regard it in the cold light of figures, which tells what kind of an aggregate is made up by the individual tendencies of the American people toward matrimony. Such figures are furnished for the first time by the census of 1890, former enumerations not having been concerned with this very important feature of the social condition of the United States.

The first thing which catches the attention in the tabulations of the census bureau on this subject is the vast number of young bachelors. At the age of twenty-four years only twenty men out of 100 are married, and even up to thirty years nearly one-half still remain single. The women do better. At the age of twenty-four nearly half of them have become wives, and before they reach thirty years nearly three-quarters have found their mates. As a rule women marry at an earlier age than men, and this accounts in part for the difference. But the great fact remains that the vast army of young men of America remain bachelors at an age at which their grandfathers were the heads of families and bound to the community by the strongest ties known in our social system.

Exact comparison is, of course, impossible, owing to the absence of figures for previous years; but it is safe to say that this habit of bachelorhood has increased and that the tendencies of modern conditions of life are toward its further growth. As the standard of luxury—which we have come to call comfort—is raised, the cost of maintaining a family becomes greater and the responsibility becomes more formidable. The young man who can support himself in ease hesitates to assume greater burdens, which must involve some sacrifice of his habits and may bring the need of greater exertion as a bread-winner than he in his bachelor freedom, likes to contemplate. And so the young woman, seeing new opportunities of agreeable occupation opening up on all sides for those of her sex who have capacity for business, for art, for industry of many kinds, may be influenced by greater indifference to the sentiment which leads to marriage. Yet, which is the better state? If to life is the desired thing, these census figures have something of interest to tell the young bachelors of America. They show that of all the American men and women who have reached the age of 60 years, ninety-four out of every 100 are married. All but six of the 100 who have persisted in their bachelorhood have dropped out of the world.

## A Monkey's Strategy.

"While traveling through Europe several years ago," said Benjamin F. Sutton of Troy, N. Y., "I came across a man who was exhibiting a performing monkey. The best way as I saw it, I was could be imagined, and his master told me that every day he stole enough food for his subsistence. He told me to watch him for a few minutes. I did so, and presently his keeper led him to a spot close to where a date seller was sitting on the ground, with his basket beside him. Here his master put him through a number of tricks, and although I could see the monkey was eating the fruit, he did not make any demonstration toward taking it. In the midst of one of his feats he suddenly started up from the ground, and, uttering a cry of pain or rage, fixed his eyes full on the face of the date seller. Then, without moving the rest of his body, he stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his hind hands. The date seller, being thus started out of countenance, and having his attention diverted by this extraordinary movement, knew nothing of the theft until I told of it by a bystander."—Louis Globe-Emocrat.

## Useless to Compete.

Years ago, when Tom Thumb was Barnum's only attraction, he went to Saratoga and attempted to give an entertainment. The village fathers, however, scared him away by the price of their license, and he went to Ballston, the next town, and advertised the performance. A special train was run from Saratoga and a great many went down on it. When the curtain went up, Barnum came out and made a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it was my first intent on to give this entertainment in Saratoga, but I soon discovered that there were some men in that place so much smaller than my famous Tom Thumb, that it would be useless to attempt competition with them.

Headless. A heedless young man who has not pruned by the borders that his unguarded tongue has caused him to make, was introduced at a reception to an elderly and somewhat peculiar lady, whose hobby is the collecting of relics of antiquities of all kinds.

After a few minutes' conversation the lady rose to depart, when young Mr. Heedless said in his driest manner:

"I am so glad to have met you, Miss B— I have always been interested in curiosities and antiquities of every sort, an am glad to have met you on that account."

A young man is a theory; an old man a fact.

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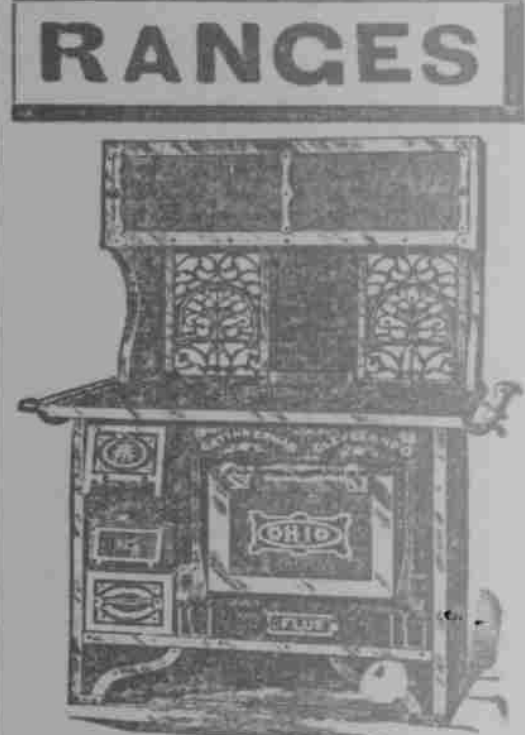
blindly into it. Inform yourself fully. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

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